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IN CANADA

EIGHTEEN

**SAMANTHA
TEENAGE
CELEBRITY
LOOK-ALIKE
SPREADS IT
WIDE!**

**ALL
BRAND
SPANKING
NEW GIRLS!**

**A VIRGIN'S
DEEP ANAL
ACTION!**

**SHOCKING
PICTURES OF THE
TOWN TRAMP!**

SUMMER 1995



INSIDE

Just EIGHTEEN

Eighteen with a bullet. Got my finger on the trigger, I'm gonna pull it. Does this sound familiar? Well, even if it doesn't you've got an issue of **Just 18** that's packed with plenty of pics of those passionate prime-of-life pretties!

Look at these girls. Young and free spirited. Willing to experiment. Nothing is too wild for them. Everything is up for grabs. They yearn to experience life and all its sexual adventures. And this is their first salacious journey—right here on these pages!

Roll out the red carpet for this one—**Roxanne**. She's just learned about the pleasures of being touched. With her beautiful blonde hair and long legs surrounded by black stockings, you'll surely want to touch her heart and her hole!

Take a walk into the garden of **Christine**—don't be fooled by her innocent appearance, she's giving in to temptation and wants to taste the forbidden fruit. If you come to visit this lovely creature, be prepared to eat more than an apple!

Everyone has a twin out there, someone who looks just like them. Well this month we have a Drew Barrymore look-alike. **Samantha** is a true "firestarter", so be careful—if it gets too hot, she may pop!

Next up is the seductive **Brandi**—what a body! Legs that never end—dark, smooth, and worth the climb! Turn to page 34 and sneak-a-peek at her firm and tasty features.

You'd be lucky to have detention with this one—**Nicolette**. A school girl by day and a naughty, lustful woman by night. Don't bring any books to the house because there won't be any studying in her bedroom!

Teenage boys aren't the only horny hipsters; read *Jimmy's Bad Girl* and discover the wanton desires of the average 18 year-old neighborhood slut!

The Editors



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SW 360

6 JUST EIGHTEEN

Roxanne

I just want to tell you guys one thing—girls like good sex as much as you do! I love to fuck, and I don't mind asking for what I want. Right after I turned 18 I decided it was time to get my cherry popped, and I knew just the guy to do it. It was summer, and when my older brother came home from college to visit he brought his friend Ray along. Ray was hot; a real hunk, and I was wet for him right away. One day I was sunning myself out by our pool, wearing my teeniest bikini, when Ray joined me. He said my brother had gone somewhere with my parents and we were all alone. I don't think he expected what came next...











slipped out of my bikini, gave him a good look at my naked bod, and slid into the water. Ray pulled off his shorts and dove in to join me. His hands moved below the surface to caress my tits, and I reached out for his cock. It was hard and warm, and I pulled him closer. "I want you to be my first," I whispered. "I want you to be the first to fuck me." Wrapping my legs around Ray's waist I kissed him hard before he could answer. He guided me over to the pool steps, and when he pressed against me I felt the most amazing sensation between my legs. My pussy yielded to his thrusts, which were gentle at first, then harder as I urged him on. He filled me up over and over again until we both exploded, splashing water everywhere. I liked it so much I couldn't wait to do it some more, so when Ray got hard again I told him to fuck me on one of the lounge chairs. Take this age-old advice from a youngster—the direct approach always works!







LETTERS



"I expect to see you come while you lick out my asshole."



HER BOTTOM RULES

Although I had always made it a rule not to date any of the students in my college English classes, from the first moment I saw Rachel I knew that rules were made to be broken. The way she would come into my class, so arrogant and self-assured, was actually nothing extraordinary; a lot of young coeds are like that these days. Years of listening to Madonna, I theorize, have taught them conclusively that women rule supreme. But no; what made Rachel irresistible and unique was her attitude combined with an impossibly large and round derriere, always clad in the tightest slacks or jeans and emphasized by the highest heels. What added to her aura is that although she drove all the male students crazy, she acted untouchable to all of them. In fact, the girl didn't seem to have friends at all; or at least her personal life was kept secret. Maybe she doesn't have any personal life, I conjectured; maybe she's just waiting for an ass-mad guy like me to give her one...

The semester passed without incident. I am not so stupid as to have tried anything while she was in my class—with the sexual harassment issue so paramount these days, I could have risked everything. Fear dampens my libido. But after she finished my course,

when she was no longer my student, was another story! I managed to run into her at the college bookstore, and although she didn't let down her snootiness for a moment—after all, I was just a mere man, no better than the lads her own age, eighteen—I managed to get her to agree to a cup of coffee, "to discuss her academic prospects."

Well, she knew it was a line. In fact, I think that's why she agreed to come along with me, just to see where it would all lead. Obviously confident that she could handle herself, she agreed—after our coffee—to come back to my house where I said I would introduce her to an essential book that would guarantee success in her undergraduate career. I trailed her huge bottom in its tight jeans as we left the restaurant.

"So where is this 'book'?" she said when we got to my place and I handed her a Dr. Pepper. "You know how seriously I take my education."

"Yes, indeed," I said, even though I didn't know. Anyway, I reached over to a bound scrapbook on the highest shelf in my living room. I opened it up and displayed its contents—hundreds of candid photographs I had taken on the street over the years of unsuspecting girls and women, wearing tight skirts and jeans showing off their sizable bottoms. "This is a well of true knowledge," I said, caressing a page of photographs with my right hand. "Study this book and fine-tune the conquering power of your ass! It's very educational."

"You perv," she said, drinking her soda and flipping through the pages. "This is going to guarantee my academic success?"

"The explanation is roundabout but in the end obvious," I said, walking around and looking at her plump posterior which jutted out shelf-like in her denims. "I am obsessed with your ass, young lady. If I can have the pleasure of a relationship with you and enjoy derriere delights, I will do anything I can to help you study for exams, understand difficult concepts, and prepare for the world after college. Your ass could



make me your most valuable academic mentor!" I paused. "Or perhaps I would be more like an apostle..."

"What about financial help?" she said, draining the Dr. Pepper and putting the glass down on the mantel.

"I could even assist you in paying back student loans..."

She laughed, then nodded. "Sure, what the hell! There's probably a million ways you'll come in handy." She unsnapped the front of her jeans and opened the zipper with a sharp rasp. With a leaping in my heart I saw the triangle of her pubic hair come into view in the open vee of the fly and she was not wearing panties.



"Well, you certainly don't lose any time," I said, not quite expecting things to progress quite so rapidly.

"The world could blow up tomorrow," she said, tugging down the jeans until I saw her fleshy young thighs before me. "It's the end of the millennium, Prof."

Young people—with what wonderful speed they can adopt current social conditions as an excuse for depravity! Of course, I was not exempt from such solipsism. "You're right, of course," I said, as she pivoted on her heels, the jeans bunched up at her ankles most provocatively. I saw, at last, the nude wonder of her meaty moons. A very young woman with a big ass is, to me, the most erotic thing in the world.

"Lay down on that couch," Rachel said, pointing her strong, aggressive right forefinger to my destination. I scurried over there, feeling turtle-like in my shell of clothing. But she gave me no time to disrobe. "On your back, Prof."

I lay down on the soft cushions. Hobbled by jeans at her ankles, but otherwise magnificent, Rachel sauntered over while playing with her pussy-lips. "Your eagerness is making me wet, you

big kinko," she said. "Now come on. Take out your pecker and show me what you got."

I unzipped immediately while she watched. She studied my hardening length and found it adequate. Meanwhile I looked up at the deep dark crack of her olive-skinned ass, wanting to dive in there.

"I expect to see you come while you lick my asshole," she said.

"Expect nothing less."

She had to pull off the jeans to straddle me on the couch. Sexily, though, she left her backless high heeled platforms on. Then she pressed those heels into the cushions as she climbed over and mounted my face.

She gave me her asshole, not her pussy. Which was okay.

"Taste good, Prof?" she asked, grinding her butt-cheeks against my face. "It might be a little funky from being trapped in those tight Calvins all day." She was right, but I certainly didn't mind. I extended my tongue and probed and prodded the clenched pucker of her anus.

"Oh-ho, you're good at this," I could hear her say from far above.

I held onto her cheeks and spread them so I could ream her with most efficiency. My tongue moved up and down and in circles, and I interspersed this adoration with kisses all over her ass-crack and then the cheeks themselves. In fact, it actually turned me on the most just to kiss her cheeks, something she caught onto after a few minutes.

"You're really just a guy who likes to kiss ass, kiss ass, kiss ass," she said, and I could see her looking down as she ran a hand through her wavy hair.

"Mm-hmm."

"Well, I like to suck cock, so I think I'll do that while you have your favorite meal."

She leaned over and took my prick into her lips. It was incredible how wet her mouth felt, the saliva sloshing around my inches. It was probably the best blowjob I had ever experienced in my forty-one years, and I'd had my share. It was so arousing that although I became distracted from my ass-worship, I didn't mind; but what was funny was that she did.

"Did I tell you to stop kissing my backside, Prof?"

"No, but your mouth—"

"Then no blowjob for you. I want to be ass-kissed. If you can't do your part, then the blowjob will have to wait."

Poor me.

I returned to kissing and licking her ass, and because it was so marvelous I soon put her fellatio out of my consciousness. I'd get it another time. Meanwhile, I licked, lapped, kissed and worshipped. It was all I could think about; in that moment, all I wanted, too.

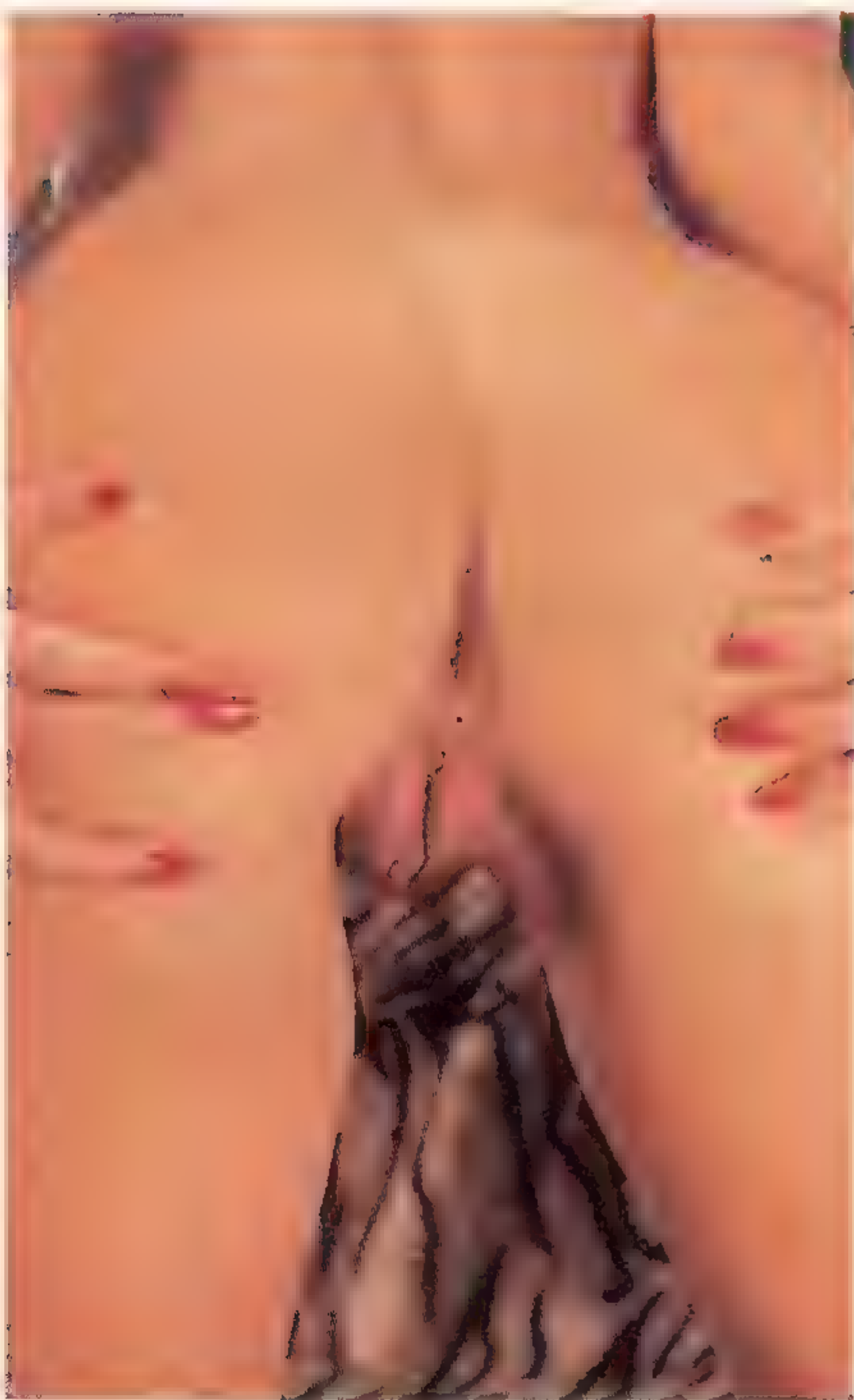


"At last, I saw the nude wonder of her olive-skinned, meaty moons."





"He held her red hair by the two pony-tails on either side."



"Make yourself come while you kiss my butt," Rachel said.

I jerked my cock and lapped her cheeks. My kisses and licks became more rapid and hungry, more worshipful and devoted. Who knew where all this was going to lead? But Rachel was the girl for me. Again, it wasn't just that she had a great ass, but also the proper attitude to make it most erotic...ah, that's the pedagogue in me coming out, trying to distill my perceptions into useful knowledge for any young women who might be reading this letter.

I began to shoot uncontrollably in my hand. As I relaxed, she settled herself gently against my face as if I were part of the cushions. I turned my head so that her buns rested against my left cheek; all I could see was the back of the couch.

"Enjoy yourself, Prof?" Rachel asked. The sound of her voice was indistinct because of her glute against my ear. And my words, because of the position of my face, came out muffled and distorted. "Mmm-yeth. Yeth."

"Good. Now let's discuss in detail how having an ass-licker in my corner will improve my education."

It was a discussion I was more than willing to have—into eternity.

**Prof. Harold S.,
Minnesota**

RESIDENT VOYEUR

I'm a resident in obstetrics and gynecology. You'd think that a guy who planned to spend his professional life around women and their genitals wouldn't feel shy with them, but the fact is away from the work situation, I am often tongue-tied and nervous. Especially when I'm attracted to someone.

There's a candystriper named Tiffany who works at the hospital, and she is so damn cute. Eighteen, red-haired, and petite, she makes me crazy. But I have never been able to have a personal conversation with her because of my shyness. Instead I just have fantasies about her, imagining what it would be like to take her out on a date,

or make love to her. But having sex with Tiffany in reality? That's something that's reserved for the more aggressive members of the staff. How do I know this? Because I saw it the other day.

It had finally slowed down on the maternity ward. I'd been up for 36 hours and was pretty tired, and thought I'd catch a few winks while I had the chance. Temporarily there was an empty private room because somebody had just checked out, so I thought I'd go in there and rest.

Well, Tiffany had the same idea. Although I guess "rest" wasn't what she and her companion were looking for. I recognized the guy as a senior resident in neurosurgery from the third floor. I couldn't remember his name, but I knew his reputation. Big stud. Got any woman he wanted—nurses, doctors, administrators. He was headed for a big career both leaning over beds and crawling into them.

Tiff and this guy were in the far corner of the room. They didn't see or hear me, but I got a good look at them before I quickly ducked into the closet to hide. Leaving the door open a crack, I could watch everything. Didn't they know that somebody else besides me—who wanted to watch and wouldn't tell—might come in and catch them?

Tiffany and her man obviously didn't care. She was down on her knees, wearing the pink-striped uniform, and had the resident's cock in her hand. She was looking up at him with a big smile and jerking his meat slowly, with confidence. He was looking down at her and smiling, too.

"Yeah, you're good for steadying my nerves, Tiffany," he said. Suddenly, just by hearing his voice, I remembered his name—Sid. Sid Krusterman.

"I know you have a lot to do today, Doctor. That operation..."

"A surgeon needs steady hands."

"Well, let my hands steady your hands," Tiff said, laughing. And then, leaning her face over and about to take his meat in her mouth, added, "With a little help from my lips."

She slowly swallowed him. He reached down and held her red hair by the two pony-tails on either side. Using those ponytails, he regulated her sucking until it had just the right rhythm a neurosurgeon requires. She made a lot of slurping sounds.

How I wished her mouth were on my cock...but in a way, this was exciting, too. I took my prick out of my pants and began masturbating.

After seemingly adding three inches to his length with her sucking, Tiffany took her mouth off his rod and began licking his balls. Watching that little pink-red tongue lapping at Sid's hairy nuts looked so dirty, so obscene. This

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LETTERS

(continued from page 16)



"She was so wet that the squish was audible across the room."



candystriper was really just a little slut...I loved it. I loved watching it...

Amazing how much a girl can get into lapping a guy's scrotum. But she did it slowly and lovingly, lowering her face so her tongue could cover his sac from every angle. I wished I had a picture of it. I wanted two pictures of Tiffany, in fact. One that showed her ready-to-do good deeds in her little pink-striped uniform, and another that showed her licking a man's balls. The angel and the nympho. My Tiffany.

Sid was pretty hot after all this treatment. Finally he lifted her up and leaned her over the bed. He told her to pull up the hem of her uniform, which she did, and then he pulled her pink cotton panties down with his left hand while stroking his cock with his right. Tiff pressed her face into the freshly made bed and closed her eyes, waiting for Sid to plunge his prick inside.

First he teased her. Those neurosurgeons, they know just what to do. He moved his cock up and down the crack of her young butt, toying with her. I saw Tiff reach her hands underneath herself and open the front buttons of her uniform so that she could play with her breasts through her bra. Then suddenly Sid slid inside her cunt. She was so wet that the squish was audible across the room and right into the closet where I was hiding and beating off.

He fucked her that way quite a while, and she moaned and bit her lips. I saw her fingers gripping the cover of the bed, digging into the beige fabric. She pressed her mouth against the cover so that her moans would be muffled.

"I'm feeling steadier now, Tiff, but not quite as steady as I'll have to be for that big operation this afternoon," he said. "I need your asshole for that."

"Take it, Doctor," she whispered. "Take whatever you need."

He came out of her pussy with a pop, and then stuffed himself slowly into her butt. She groaned and let out a hiss, but then when he began plunging back and forth in her rear with a steady rhythm, her horny moaning returned.

"Can I shoot in your ass, Tiff? That'll really help me out," Sid said. "You'll probably help me save the patient's life if you steady my nerves by letting me shoot in your ass!"

"Whatever, Doctor," she said.

My cock was large and sticky in my hand as I watched my dreamgirl candystriper getting banged in the butt by this sleazeball surgeon. He had the gift of gab, the bullshit patter, that women liked. He was getting Tiff's ass, probably all the way up to her colon with that huge thing of his, and I was just in a closet beating off. But hell, it was kinky and I really didn't mind in the end. (Hey—after reading this, don't you want me to be your wife's OB-GYN?)



"Cum in my ass, Doctor," she gasped.

I watched Sid leaning over her, holding her by those two ponytails as he bucked back and forth in her behind. Finally it happened—he began squirting, though I could see that he was still buried deep in her. So every drop went into her hot, funky, young ass.

"Tiff, baby, Tiff," he panted, falling over her until they made a messy pile of each other on the bed.

Suppressing all sounds, I came myself just moments later, filling my hand with a voyeur's sperm.

There was a little sequel, though. They lay there for a few minutes, then finally Sid had to get up and go. Tiffany said she wanted to compose herself, so she'd see him outside a little later. He left the room, walking right past the closet I was hiding in. I watched Tiff as she stood and absentmindedly pulled her panties up. She looked out the window, thinking about who knows what. Then the kinkiest little thing happened. She reached around under her uniform's hem and felt the seat of her panties. "Oh, damn," she said, "damn!" It was Sid's juice, leaking out of her ass into her underwear.

She considered the problem for a moment, then took action. She pulled off the panties and, with a mischievous smile, dumped them in the wastebasket next to the dresser. Then she pulled down her uniform, straightened herself in the mirror, and walked right past the closet and me and out of the room.

I was pretty sticky myself, not having had a chance to clean up while they were still there. But now I had an idea. I left the closet and went over to the wastebasket and picked up the discarded panties. They were still warm from her body, and moist from the load she'd taken. I wiped my prick off on the fabric that had been so close to her pretty little asshole and then quickly threw them back into the wastebasket.

**Dr. Don,
Missouri**





Christine



Things are hard for a girl like me in a town like this. It's small and conservative, the kind of place where everybody knows your business. Going to church is like the big social activity around here. And like every other girl I want a boyfriend, but I've known all the guys around here since kindergarten and I just don't see them that way. My dream is to meet a man who's older and has some experience in the world. I'd love to be able to please a guy like that, and I read a lot of books and magazines to learn about the "special" things that guys like...





I've been ordering sexy lingerie from a catalog, and when I put it on I think I look pretty hot. One day I was hanging out with my friend Matt and he lifted up my dress, just kidding around, and saw my thigh-hi stockings. We've known each other for years and it's never been sexual, but the way Matt looked at me right then changed that. We were alone in his back yard, and he pulled my dress up over my head. "Wow," he said, as his hands cupped my breasts, "you've grown!"

We lay on the grass and I unzipped his jeans to touch his cock. I wanted it inside me, and Matt got on top, spreading my legs wide so he could push in. First it was uncomfortable, but as I opened wider he was able to go further and then it felt good. It felt really good! We even tried a few different positions, and I liked it best when Matt gave it to me from behind. That's when he was able to fuck me the deepest. We've been fooling around a lot since then and I'm glad—now I have some experience for when I meet that special guy I really want to satisfy.

















Diary

Some guys tell me I look like a topless dancer. I take that as a compliment; they all have really nice bodies and that's why I decided to bare it all for JUST EIGHTEEN. Guys also tell me that I'm the perfect combination of sugar and spice—my face may look sweet and innocent, but I've got a slutty side, too. I like clothes that are cute and girlish, but I also love to take them off. Now that I'm legal I can get a job dancing. It's my fantasy to have a lot of guys watching me while I strip, and as I was posing for these pictures that's all I could think about. Men all over the country, maybe all over the world, opening this magazine to look at me. I think my tight little body could make most guys hard, don't you?





I may not have big tits like some girls, but I like the natural look. And I think my pussy is one of my best features—I like to keep the hair trimmed real neat so you can see my pretty pink lips. At this photo shoot we took some pictures where I was spreading my pussy wide open, and that turned me on so much I even got a little wet. I felt like such a bad girl, exposing my private parts like that, and I loved it! The photographer told me to imagine a scene that would make me feel sexy, so I pictured a bunch of guys standing around, urging me to pull up my shirt or show them my cunt. In my fantasy they would all be naked, with big erections pointing right at me, and after I finished undressing I would go around the room and satisfy each one of them. I wish I could do the same for all of you!







Ricolette



Gosh, I hope my daddy doesn't see these pictures! He'd pull me out of school and take away my allowance in a second. But daddy's little girl is learning a lot more than her ABC's at this expensive college. Like for example, just the other day I learned how to go down on another girl. Shocking, right? Not to me—I always wondered what it would be like to be with another girl.





Don't get me wrong, I love guys and someday I want to get married, but in the meantime I want to experiment. When I met my roommate at the dorm I didn't think we would hit it off at all. I come from a priv-



ileged family, and she was there on scholarship. She called me a rich little princess, and maybe I am. But somehow we got close, and we would hang out on our beds half-naked and talk about everything late into the night.



I started hoping something would happen, and one night it did. I don't remember how we started kissing, but her mouth was so soft and willing I never wanted to stop. Our hands found their way between each other's legs, and we were both wet. I had to taste her, and when I put my face down there I smelled the sweetest, juiciest fragrance. It seemed so natural to start licking and sucking on her little cunt lips, and she sighed with pleasure when I found her clit. I knew just what to do 'cause I know what I like. I made her cum and then she went down on me, fucking me deep with her tongue until I climaxed too.









We kept kissing and touching each other the whole night, and we even used a vibrator to fuck our pussies. She has a boyfriend who's real cute, and we told him we want to have a threesome soon. I guess I'm not daddy's little girl anymore!



Just
EIGHTEEN
SUMMER 1995





Nancy

Sometimes I get so horny I don't know what to do. I'm not ready to go all the way yet, so my boyfriend and I have to do other things. We kiss a lot, and he likes to lick my body all over. The first time he went down on me I was kind of nervous—no one had ever kissed me down there before and I didn't know how it would feel. But he told me to relax and I trusted him—my boyfriend's older and he's had a lot of experience. When his warm lips touched my wet pussy a shiver went straight up my spine...









He told me that I tasted so good he wanted to eat me for breakfast, lunch, and dinner! After he made me feel like the sexiest girl in the world I wanted to do something for him, so I asked him if I could give him head. Now I was really nervous—I had no idea how to give a guy a blowjob. But it sort of came naturally. I put his cock in my mouth and gave it my full attention, licking and sucking the swollen head and throbbing shaft. A little squirt of stuff leaked out, and I tasted it with my tongue...



My boyfriend moaned when I told him he had a good flavor too! I wanted more, so I took a deep breath and put his whole big thing down my throat. It was throbbing like crazy, and I felt a gush of warm cum in my mouth. I had to gulp hard to swallow it all! Now my boyfriend can't believe how much I love to suck him off—he says some girls don't do it at all. Until I go all the way, oral sex is the next best thing—getting it and giving it!







Ken

When I looked for my first job after high school I didn't have much experience, but finally I found work as a waitress. I knew I was hired for my looks, but I didn't mind. Right away I had a crush on this bartender named Ken. After we closed for the night I would have a drink while he cleaned up. One night we were the only people left and I was feeling extra flirty. I leaned over the bar and planted a kiss right on Ken's cheek. He smiled and asked me if I would come upstairs while he locked up the money. I said sure, guessing what he had in mind.





When we got upstairs Ken closed the door and took me in his arms. I was so excited I was shaking as he started kissing me and stroking my body. I had to tell him that I had never done "it" before, but he was cool and just told me to relax and enjoy myself. I sat up on the desk and he stood in front of me, taking his dick out of his pants and pointing it between my legs. I was scared, but I really wanted to know what it would feel like, so I pulled my panties off and wrapped my legs around his waist.



His hard thing touched the outside of my pussy, then started to go inside. I gasped, and suddenly he was filling me up completely, holding me tight as he moved in and out. I got this unfamiliar sensation all over, like a warm wave splashing over me, and I cried out—I was cumming! Ken penetrated me one more time, pouring a river of hot liquid into my pussy that seeped out over my thighs. I sighed and held on to him—every muscle in my body was trembling. Now I look forward to closing time more than ever!







